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YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD.

RY E FOXTON. Author of " Premices."

CHAPTER IX.

The Knight Fasts. . Let any one set his heart, in these days, to do what

"And David went to Samuel, to Naioth of Clara Arden. David had been high in favor and in hope. He had fallen through no fault of his. He had been forced to leave all, home, of his. He had been forced to leave all, home, ern flower" upon Titania's eyes, nor on those kindred, friends, and even his beleved—and of the Athenian lovers. I can see the traces she was a princess—and had taken refuge on the mountain, with the grim old prophet. The you. Cupid weaves and baits the snares for

to stand before me in a picture, which Clara took me into her sitting room to see, and wept while she looked at.

I mean appreciatingly—as you now do; severally you would have changed idols. "Propinquity," my dears, as Mrs. Broadstone said, "Propinquity!"

It was a large picture, admirably painted in oils, of a youth in the morning of manhood. sash. He held and lightly leaned upon a rifle in his right hand; and I scarcely needed to be told, as I was, that the grasp of that slender hand had been at need like the gripe of death, which only death could unloose, nor that the moccasined foot, planted so lightly and firmly among the crags where he stood, was as sure dark, mellow, warm, and clear. Such outlines with such tints would alone suffice to make a very handsome man. There was an expression about this man, which made him far more than that. Slight as he was, he looked so mysteriously, infinitely, fall of power and life-not the manly angel! It was easy to see that it was To his surprise, the welcome, the charm,

and where are such men in their prime? Go, them from it; they shake its dust from their climbing feet, and leave it beneath them; and a cloud receives them out of their sight. But was it so with Herman? Let us hope not. Let us go on, and we shall see. He had unboyed himself wonderfully in the few months of his absence. Perhaps we are, many of us, plaster; steel, it tempers. Let Tyranny, social or individual, plunge in it the sword of Liberty, made old by months, and days even, rather than by years. There was an alteration in him which, though she would hardly own it even to herself, surprised and disappointed Clara. She felt it from the first, even in the bright week that she and her brothers spent, immediately after his arrival, at Sea Farm, that they might not fail of their annual pilgrimage. She had a moreassiduous, considerate, and devoted brother, than she had ever had before; but he uo longer needed that she should devote herself to him. She had got back a man instead of a stripling and he seemed to her a sort of changeling. She and he seemed to her a sort of changeling. She admired, respected, and loved the man; but, then, she missed the boy. It was all very well to have some one to pet her, but she had al-ways had Ned to serve her in that capacity. If it had not been for Tommy and Bessy, she did not know what she should have done now for self that it was the bronze and beard of travel that made half the difference in him, and her fancy the rest; but when the former wore off.

he denied the existence of Coventry; in the fancy; but she had, howsoever slowly and unwillingly, to make up her mind that it was not. His face was very handsome still—far handsomer than ever before, Edward said—but it was not the dear old young face, which had leaned on her shoulder so often, and which she leaned on her shoulder so often, and which she leaned on her shoulder so often, and which she leaned on her shoulder so often, and which she leaned on her shoulder so often, and which she leaned on her shoulder so often, and which she leaned on her shoulder so often, and which she leaned on her shoulder so often, and which she leaned on her shoulder so often, and which she leaned on her shoulder so often, and which she leaned on her shoulder so often, and which she leaned on her shoulder so often, and which she leaned so the shear of the placeter of the result is that?—they were unwearied in requesting the placeter of the placeter of the result is that?—they were unwearied in requesting the placeter of the placeter had been promising herself, every day for weeks | ing the honor and the pleasure of your co past, that she should soon see again. That was gone—nobody knew where—and she should lesson for the future; and if you expect to innever see it again. She could have cried to think so. The look that Constance had wondered at and admired, in spite of herself, in her last interview with him, had become, when them at all times." at rest, the most habitual expression of his countenance. It was often, at such times, almost stern in its determination. There was that in it which showed that the soul within had thrown its silken robes of dalliance off, and put its armor on. At such times, Clara often sat and watched him, unobserved, until her interest grew to pain, as if the change had put some barrier, inexplicable but impassable, between him and her; and then she would rise involun tarily, go to him, and put her hand in his, or force some playful speech, when out would come his own old smile, all the more sweet and bright by contrast, and show her that, howsoever it might be towards others, towards her he could not change, except to become less her charge and play-fellow, and mere her protector, and, if she would have it so, her counsellor. If she reverenced him more than before, he reverenced her no less. He was very little discount of Mexico. posed to assume the part of Mentor, which she soon began to find it more and more convenient

advice, it always seemed to surprise him; though, when he gave it, it was usually sensihough, when he gave it, it was usually sensile, temperate, and worth having.

There might have been more reasons than in the case of Mr. Pickwick in the Pocud. In ble, temperate, and worth having. well as he acknowledged that her affection dename, had kept himself closeted with the cold trely had been promising Herman successful

served his confidence, and hard as he had tried to accord it, he had probably not succeeded in telling her half how well he loved Constance. love, ever cares to expatiate much on a disap-pointed love?) It was strange perhaps that he should love her so; but so he did. He had aever been able to see any fault in her, from green the beginning of their acquaintance to its close but one; and even that his dazzled eyes saw would as something apart from her, not her fault, but good the fault of her training, or want of training.
Her soul on one occasion, and on one alone had appeared before him in an ugly dress; but that he considered as merely the fault of the dress-maker. His passionate tenderness im-mediately substituted for it the garb of a goddess; and in this her image stood evermon's clothed in his thoughts. She was that rare thing—so much oftener heard of than seen— a perfect beauty, and moreover brilliant, ardent, and, where she loved, ravishingly lovely; yet pract she was certainly not, at this time at least, a!

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anist, great hopes, great sorrows; perhaps, even, with that he thought her.

I cannot undertake to defend his delusion: but in extenuation I must state, that it is a dark Ramah, and dwelt there;" these words, by some perhaps whimsical association, kept run.

ning in my head this morning, while I sat with ly found, what Mr. Dickens says you all see to your looking glasses, "the pleasing reflection of your own fancy." Sly Puck, believe mi, did not use up all of the juice of the "little west-

gentle shepherd was in process of change into the kingly warrior. Nursed by love and seng, he had become the pupil of hero-fashioning adversity. He had thrown the harp from his fine touch, and was learning to say, "Lord, teach my hands to war, and my fingers to fight." He was anointed indeed, but uncrowned; and his peaceful, harmonious, kindly life, was doomed to be henceforward a long battle. David seem-

and when it comes, fall they do, headlong He stood alone in a wild mountain landscape, the dust, on the flower-bed or among the nettles, as the case may be; and so have hearts and lurid cloud above him, and all the air around him darkened with a look of thunder; out of which his face seemed almost to shine out of which his face seemed almost to shine in the glare of the flash. A coat of shaggy skin fell upon a queen-lily, and clung to it hence-was girt about his elight waist with a soldier's forth. He was not mistaken in thinking her a rare woman, if he was in thinking her more than a woman. He thought her more than a woman, and suffered accordingly. In the second place, there was a change in his

position in society, in consequence of his speech -speeches, rather—for he soon found occasion to follow up the former with others equally cloquent and much more effective, because, with among the crags where he stood, was as sure and almost as swift as that of the huge-horned Rocky Mountain sheep, which, perched just above him, looked down upon him confidingly, while beneath him, on the other side, a wolf while beneath him, on the other side, a wolf skulked away. His features were of the finest and rarest Roman type, at once regular, symself-conceit, he had Litherto, from pure inexperience, want of knowledge of the world, and confidence in the good faith of others, unconsciously, as young persons are apt to do in sim-ilar circumstances, taken it for granted that the cordial welcome and charming courtesy which he had met with wherever he went, were the ously, infinitely, full of power and life—not the ugly, gross, soulless, material life of the prizefighter or the auaconda, but the irresistible hardly be forfeited among the generality of his nerve and energy of some superhuman man or old neighbors, unless by misconduct on his part. a high and strong heart, which sent up the generous red blood to bear witness of it in treated him with cool good-breeding; the illthose smooth olive cheeks. That mouth was bred with cool ill-breeding. Some of them not more sweet than strong. Those deep, dark, honestly thought his political course wrong musing eyes seemed overcast and darkened some, without caring particularly whether with the shadow of approaching doom, to feel, ent and exasperating; and some, again, with but not to fear it. One would not like to meet out thinking at all, took their cue from the a foe in such a man. With such a man at rest. It is no doubt a very trifling thing to one's side, one would scarcely fear to cope with have a single little drop of cold water thrown any other foe. Resolute, concentrated, imperial, impassioned, more than passionate, he worn and intenerated spot, may in time fave seemed as if born to subdue first himself and an unpleasant effect, even upon one's rerson; then the world. If he was such in the dawn and it certainly must strike the sufferer oddly of manhood, what was he in its prime? What at first, when he finds old acquaintances, whom he has always regarded as friends as far as anyand where are such men in their prime? Go, ask the scraphim! In what age has the world not rejected some of those of whom it was not rejected some of those of whom it was not worthy? They overcame it; but the Cross by torment. When it falls upon a heart that alwhich, like their Master, they conquer, lifts ready knows its own secret separate bittet less, the case is harder yet. Cold water, how wer, is a bad or a good thing, according to this nature of the stuff it has to act upon. It st-ftens

> glowing from the forge. The sword will hardly drown in it, or come out again the more pliant for the treatment. Herman would not mention to his sister the petty daily annoyances to which he was sub-jected. He thought that woman, being ex-cluded from the agreeable excitements of po-litical life, cught also to be privileged against the disagreeable. He did not wish to separate her from her old friends. He knew her we enough to fear that, howsoever the oraque polish of her manners might cover her indigna-tion, her feelings, if she once saw how matters stood, might be seriously and permaner tered towards any of them who proved ackle towards him. To Edward he did drop i hint or two. Edward administered conso ation somewhat after the fashion of Elipha; the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophy; the Naamathite, rolled into one. In the first lace

second, he extenuated, if he did not defend, it: "You have always held yourself aloof from other people, my dear man. Why should you expect them to stand by you? You have been a perfect Peter the Hermit; and now you come fluence men, and have them stick to you in times like these, show yourself among them,

"I always felt kindly towards our acquaintances. I supposed that they knew it."
"How?"

"How?"

"By taking it for granted, I suppose, as I did, that they felt kindly towards me."

"You were a guileless youth, if you took anything of the sort for granted. The governous public, not being guileless, usually r quires stronger proof. Besides, you labor under the further disadvantage of belonging to a conspicuous and rather wealthy family. Don't you know that wealth and family are positive sins against the peace of Demos, to be atoned for at the jealous old fellow's tribunal only by general sociability and scrupulous observance on the part of him who is guilty of them? An unfashionable and obscure man may keep his own company to himself without offence, perhaps. In a man like you, reserve is proof positive of In a man like you, reserve is proof pride, arrogance, and incivisme. He may at any time be estracised or guillotined for it, at a moment's warning, on the slightest provoca-tion, and without the slightest interference in his behalf from the unconcerned bys anders.

hid so bravely under his composed and commanding exterior, they would have spared him, and entreated him to spate himself. It was quite as well for him, therefore, that they could

the two, all of one, or all of the other, d prefer the earth to the sun, I believe. t want too much light." are in the clouds now. Come down

can understand you."
lerstand, then, with regard to yourself uspect you are merely beginning to see arises at first an unpleasant surprise in puthful mind, at not finding it heaven. their bodily eyes open earlier than kitour twenty one years to do the same by ntal optics, and to learn to see things for as with them exactly as they are. Furre, I think you made a great mistake in if to the West just when you did. Run geese, and, of course, they will pursue h hisses; because they are geese."

never dreamed of such a thing." know that, of course; but how are so know it? But let by gones be by-You have come back again, at any Go out now, whenever and wherever invited; and let people see that you're afraid of them nor ashamed of yourself. m cry for about the space of two hours. , or years. Great are Mammon, Daniel, 'Tayriff' gcds of the Bostonians! get hoarse after a while, and then stop. only a nine days' wonder. They'll soon be pillory for somebody else. Remem-

which the young men held together upon aject; for Edward's conscience pricking little at the close, he presently, with seat and abruptness, announced an inon his part, to kick, "no matter in Beacon street, or on 'Change, or any 1 "giving himself any such airs;" and, be much better employed, he said noth-

ard was indeed triply perturbed. He o far as he would open his eyes to see, there was much reason for his brother's voring to rouse the country to take the ee before him in the twilight, averred that id "shot a cherubim." Yet he was too rean to place himself at his young brothide, in the battle. No wonder, therefore, felt somewhat cross; he certainly had

th to make him.

1st advice he had given was good; and
1sn resolutely followed it, so far at least
1go out and show himself wherever he was y, and imposing; and thus, though not nified before, gained in dignity more than lost in vivacity. His honest innate but to latent pride, (if we must call an untened virtue by the name of a vival.) re, not offensive, being called forth to rethe King and his prds, afflict himself the insolence of others, ennobled his noble tenance more and more, and heightened aly-so highly, that he insisted on havthe picture, a description of which serves sort of frontispiece to this chapter, taken ita by a certain justly-celebrated artist, in nan's twenty-third year. Dr. Arden was slone in his admiration. The young belles appreciated the young orator's personal intages, and, caring much more about part-than politics, would have elected him one he reigning beaux of the time, if he had sed. Their charms, however, served only spaind him of others far more charming, to make his constant heart grieve the more ais Constance. In spite of Clara's remonnces, therefore, he was too often to be seen ding alone before statues, pictures, or ers, or in corners, looking very handsome, uresque, abstracted, and, as she declared, frome," and remembered his social duties now and then, when he beheld some plain tool, or penniless widow, in distress, and, stituting himself a volunteer member of the es, therefore, he was too often to be seen mane Society, pressed forward to her relief, ked a quadrille with her, fed her, or found coach for her, according to her need. How sery, stale, flat, and unprofitable," did the aes of gayety, so called, appear to his sad-er eyes, bedimmed with cataracts of tears had. He stood among them alone in spirit, m wondering sadly by himself what others

of there to make them all so merry.

Often and often, while people at his side were ing one another, in apparent ecitasy, "How ightful!" it all was, he could have found it t his heart to groan, "Lover and friend thou At these times, it was hardest for him to forget

s n general to what is generally termed so ty—an invitation to any entertainment where natance might be, had been to him as a ticket admission to Paradise; how he had thought night, with more and more rapture, hour by ur, as the appointed time for it drew nearer; whe had hurried to it, and arrived at it, in two he had hurried to it, and arrived at it, in the of all his resolutions, the earliest of all the exis; how the whole house had seemed hied up with hopes of her coming presence for the than with gas or chandelier; and, then, it wishe had slowly, grandly, entered, and sailed on him, and glorified the place. In his it ceity and ennui, he for the first time found to be contrast how were harned he had been t, by contrast, how very happy he had been the he had fancied himself merely looking fract to happiness, in his fulness of hope alices of fruition, the infinite soul of man is nacely intended to find upon this finite earth. all the happiness in which sanguine youth is so the is raised by a mortgage which hope takes the expected and usually much over-rated appiness of manhood. Manhood, hence, often

Homer, Sophocles, Aristophanes, or love, fame, and that he should soon greatly and

I Homer, Sophocles, Aristophanes, or r dead ancient, and relied on no other attaching to him live moderns, than rishing them well and letting them matter! His patriotism had called down upon him the reproach of treason to his country. His effects were accounted his infamy; and hered each of its successive triumphs chiefly in the averted eyes and deeper darkening round him of old familiar faces. If his brother and sinter could have guessed half of the almost girlish suffering en these occasions—we pelted him. Who would have prosent and the state of the suffering en these occasions—we pelted him. Who would have prosent and the suffering en these occasions of the still too soft and sensitive heart, which the disappointed, wronged, and slandered young lover and patriot him the reproach of treason to his country. His occupancy. His love—no matter! His patriotism had called down upon him the reproach of treason to his country. His occupancy. His occupancy. His occupance had already become famous; but its infamy; and hered each of its successive triumphs chiefly in the averted eyes and deeper darkening round him of old familiar faces. If his brother and sinter we cared. Anybody who liked—a successive triumphs chiefly in the averted eyes and deeper darkening round him of old familiar f

have been studying human nature—
of it at least—while I have been porit my books. Your knowledge is more
it than most of mine, and fresher; but
than most of mine, and fresher; but
the lessons so gloomy as this which you
if an explaining to me?"

Interval the mine of the mine, and if the mine of the mine of the mine, bracing, bracing in explaining to me?"

In explaining to me?

In explaining to me?"

In explaining to me?

In explain the light in which you walk, star-trampcormer. The world is dark, you may
teclipses the sun almost half of the time.
Tit does? I avail myself of a lucifer,
my gas, dress for a ball or the theatre,
my gas, dress for a ball or the theatre,
and enjoy the night. The night is a
cod thing, after all. It serves me to
and you to learn in. If I had to choose and crumble from you. Your insecurity will be your safety, if it drives you to cling to the

> ture is a looking glass for average undisciplined human nature. Just as your neighbors are treating you, you, in their place, mortifying as it is to acknowledge it, would probably have treated them in yours. Unless you are very disinterested, or very stamefully selfish, you would rather, of the two, that they should show you how such conduct looks in them, than that they should see how it looked in you. They are treating you as you in their place. are treating you as you in their place would probably have treated them, without this les-son, but as, after this lesson, you never can henceforward treat any honest man. After this lesson, you can never assist in laying under this lesson, you can never assist in laying under the ban any person who may, for aught you know, be acting faithfully and aprightly upon perfectly conscientious convictions, however they may differ from your own convictions, conscientiously and cautiously arrived at, or your opinions hastily and ignorantly taken up.

Furthermore, my reader, if you are old, you may know the truth of that I am about to say even better than I do; if you are young, and your youth is innocent; joyous, you should re joice in your youth, and thank God that you can; and if it is troubed, and its troubles are of your own foolish making, the best counse than your childhood ever entered—if you feel it to know better cong stulate you in poetry or prose upon your you; as such, and inform you that, by reason of it, you must needs be mysteriously and incompasably happy, and see everything about you flushed with the magic rosy hues of joy and hop—if, while your contemporary and sanient sayings. poraries seem to prove such sapient sayings true, by rejoicings which you can hardly understand, and know not how to share, you feel yourself lonely and lift out-if the world cannot satisfy you while you do not yet find in yourself the strength to reach heaven, then take heed to yourself. Much is given to you he aimed at, against, not the South, but of the Southerners. He was, with all his ty, no wilful perverter of youth in genand as to Herman in particular, in his heart he admired and revered him to degree, that he not only was confident would be in vain to try to bring him to would be in vain to try to bring him. Gold and diamonds are rubbed hard and cut to make them shine Neither the glass nor the diamond knows wh . He who has you in hand horror-struck sportsman, who, when the winged, round eyed owl tumbled out of ee before him in the twilight, averred that id "shot a cherubim." Yet he was too in what form soeve he comes, in the name the Lord. Conque. a peace. Wrestling will make you strong. From your fasts and vigils, and seemingly unh ard prayers, you may yet be led forth at le igth, a mighty and thrice-blessed champion efore God and man, with a voice as of an a gel saying, in your ears,

> does the soldier woo fights victoriously before there are no peas; ats to look on

> > BY WALLIAM M. BRIGGS. When mellow winds bring down the pears That cluster on the knotted tree, When apples drop from orchard walls, And shriller hums the hurrying bee, And, lifted with an inward smile

HALCYON DAYS

When down the wood-path's faltering arch, The vista closes, quivering blue, And on the fir trees gleam all day

And with its shrill note stabs you through Fulfilled in every glorious song, The hours chime double in the breeze, That woos us as it floats along

Clear golden drops of resinous dew

Who cares not how the r The birds in gir, the sky o'er head, The fleecy clouds in utter bliss, Whose ful, perfection lies in this-In all the be-juty dreamed or sought,

With happy syes, half closed in dreams, We're king, at will, who rule supreme O'er golden leagues and haleyon lands, While Fancies wait in ready crowds,

Are flaming red before our eyes, And giant trees in emerald walls And balustrades of purple light Elant down from golden galleries

Without the languor of commands

We drows -we dream-we shade our eyes Where beughs of flashing foliage glare, From beaten cups of heavy flowers Steal drupken dews, and here and there Swing subtle censers in the air.

All through the day the woodbine weaves Its changing woof of crimson braid; The long flugs, brown and golden, toss Their tufied tops; with spots inlaid The rushes by the river flaunt

In bending bunches far and wide; Clear shines the stream; the painted leaves The woodl inds sigh ; and Silence sweet With lifted finger seems to chide: She points o where the azure dome

In the deep sunlight burning red,

We dream-we drowse-we close our eyes To all there is of pain or death, We linger in our ficeting joys, And slowly draw delicious breath,

No more-ah! yes-once more we gaze And pierced with sudden pain, we lay Our fevered hands across our eyes

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my attendance there have met some experier ces which I deem worthy of being chronicle In the present paper I intend to relate an incident in which I was, in some sort, an actor, though by no means principal. I must beg the reader's patience for a few moments before I begin my story, while I say a word concerning the place of business in which I officiated

door and window upon the intersecting street also. The shop was rather unprepossessing in if there was no earthly stay that might not in a its facial presentations, if one had considered moment, without a moment's warning, give way it with reference to architectural canons, but its facial presentations, if one had considered was most admirably adapted to the requirements of our business. The whole front of the establishment was lined with rows of figures arranged in perpendicular columns, said figures comprising expressions of round sums from 500 to 100,000, with the fascinating \$ in front of each, like an epauletted officer at the flank of his cohort. The doors were painted over with notices to the effect that this was "The Ever-Lucky Office," "The General Prize Agency," aumerous small printed "Schemes" tacked to

"Fortune's Temple," &c. The windows had the sashes, and, lying on the sills in careless profusion, were mingled heaps of gold and silver, ingots piled like cord-wood or pig-pens, eagles and double eagles standing in tall symmetrical columns, bank bills of large figures tossed carslessly about, and prize tickets in numbers conveying the idea of wealth unheard-of. In the front window was also a painting the goddess Fortune, blindfold, and emptying, regardless of expense," ducats and dubloons innumerable from an altogether inexhaustible

only a nine days' wonder. They it soon is pillory for somebody else. Remember that can be given you is, to unmake them again as fast as you may. But if it is not so—if, honestly desiring to b. happy, you cannot find the way—if you are lready discovering, like Herman, that your you they work the last as well as the first convert. find Mr. Morgiston, the head of the firm, busy with cigar, or newspaper, or customer. The other member of the firm and the head clerk

black clothes, who came in furtively by the private entrance, to the jolly sailor who would not buy on Friday, and the poor expectant negro who did without his breakfast in order to lose his last "quarter." An excellent, profitable, legal business, with State officers to superwe took in—we ourcelves (I mean the firm) not by any means losing money, to judge from the balance sheet. A very profitable investment is the lottery, provided one is behind the scenes. It does not pay so well to outside speculators, however, I should say, to judge from the great disproportion between our re-ceipts and disbusements. But this is a secret of the trade, and I must not "blow" upon them, albeit I am "out."

ces, who had abused himself, who hated him-self for it, and hated the whole world because

he had lost caste with it. He uttered only a word, glancing over the scheme which I handed him, "Tickets, quarters," and he took out a well-worn purse from his pocket, and paid me for one. His voice was hoarse, harsh, and in the highest degree un-pleasant. Securing his ticket, he buttoned his meager, trembling fingers, and left the office. I watched him go out, and saw him seize upon a little boy, who seemed besitating whether or not to come in and try his luck, seized him by both shoulders, and bent his worn, anxious features close down to the boy's face.

his harsh tones, the words coming out dry, sharp, angular, yet forcible, from the vehemence of his accent and expression.

dreamed it sgain-so, once more."

To all the subtle charms of Death, In heesic beauty 'round us shed.

And anger with impatient tears

To all the patient Preacher eaith:

On swimming landscape, glorious skies; A burning radiance, falling down, Strikes all the woods in splendid dyes;

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

I have been, until lately, a clerk in a lo tery office in the city of B-, and during

Mesers. Morgiston & Co., the firm who paid me my quarterly salary, had an office on a corner, fronting on B--- street, but with a

cornucopeia. Opening the door, you came very gracefully endorsed, 20,000 \$. The artist fully. I asked him, would he see the drawing. had made a great hit in giving lively expression to the extravagant elation of the favored one. The walls of the office, papered with a hosp imitation of freeco, were hung with French and Germen lithographs framed in walnut. Pehind the counter one could usually stupid stare, murmuring:

were more usually at a high deak, writing, while We did a good business there, in our little office,

and were kept pretty well occupied with cus-tomers, from the lottery gambler in his fine

As I did not commence this paper with any purpose of moralizing about lotteries, but simply to relate something which is included n my experiences, I will proceed with my nar-

It was a bitter cold day in winter, and I was keeping shop all to myself, the rest of the firm being out on business. Very sharp and cut-ting was the wind, as it hurtled down the streets and around the corners, swinging sign-boards and slamming shutters in a very vicious man ner. People rushed by, wrapped up warm, but was cosy by the stove, ruminating over a segar, when the door opened anddenly, and King Lear came in. If he was not King Lear, he was cer tainly his best possible representative among created beings. He had Lear's brow, so lofty, so pale, so wrinkled, with the grizzled hair laying back from it in reckless confusion. He had Lear's eye—but no—Lear's eye was faded, and this was black as midnight, and piercing beyond metaphor, but bloodshot withal, and speaking of infinite anxiety and infinite wretchedness. His lip had once been finely marked but was now twisted, and hung a little, as if its muscles had ceased to control it. He was dressed in that painful style of thread-bare gentility so eloquent of adversity, and his whole manner bespoke him a character, a man of eventful life—one who had had harsh experiences who had abused his state.

thread-bare coat over his breast with his long,

Anxious to hear what he would say, I opened the door, and stood there. He was talking in

"Boy! do you hear? Never go into a lottery office. It's worse than hell. Do you hear? Then mind what I say!" and he shook the trembling little fellow, as if to make his words more impressive. "Run away from one al-ways. Cross the street from them. They'll poison you. If you have money, spend it, give it away, throw it into the gutter, but let lottery tickets alone. Do you see me? I was rich, I was happy. I am poor, I am wretched; and the cursed lottery alone has made me so. Now go—go—and remember what I tell you."

The boy, released, ran away in prodigious flight, and the old man marched impetuously

"What did you say, sir?"

lottery," answered he, imperatively.

I laid about thirty out upon the counter. He looked them over hastily—took one in his fingers—read it with trembling lips—grew alarmingly pale, and, putting his hand to his forehead, leaned heavily against the desk. I thought he was about to faint, and asked him if he would have a clear of retree.

would have a glass of water.

"No, no; nothing but a passing sickness.

am better now. Here, read me the numbers on that ticket," cried he, very quickly. "Seventeen, nineteen, sixty three."
"Seventeen, nineteen, sixty three! Strange, now - strange - seventeen, nineteen, sixty-

"What is strange, sir?" asked I, thinking his conduct particularly so. Indeed, I was in-clined to believe him insane. "Nothing-nothing; I was absent. Only I you know."

dreamed -; do you ever dream, young I told him that I did occasionally

"Do you believe in dreams?"
"I have not a great deal of faith in them? But when the same dream comes up ever long years, could you help believing ir it, could you help thinking that it meant something?" I confessed that such a singular circumstar

nineteen, sixty-three—I buy it in compliance with the promptings of a dream which has for many years haunted me, and this is the first time I have seen a ticket containing that combination.

Now, mark my words, this is the last time I shall
ever buy a ticket—the last time. Here are your twenty dollars. I ought to have hung mybefore I bought the first ticket," and, thus saying, he hurried out of the office.

His manner was very impressive, and I distinctly remembered the numbers. I was in a degree prepared to see the ticket draw a prize. here are presentiments which will gain credence, in spite of every argument our sober reason may adduce against them. Nor do such presentiments always prove fallacious.

Hence, without being able to explain why, I was not at all surprised to find these numbers

credited with the second capital prize of thirty thousand dollars when the drawing came out. The train of circumstances attending the pur chase of the ticket was so unusual, that I would have been disappointed, had the result been otherwise. My readers may think this part of my narrative the fiction of a clumsy brain, but many stranger things happening daily, which are unthought of, because unobserved.

ance with much anxiety, and was very des to be present when he came, that I might ob serve what effect his success would have upon him. Several times I caught sight of him rushirg past the door, but could not stop him. He was evidently much excited about a thing which had such fast hold upon his mind, and

He stammered: "No, no! not yet," and leaned heavily upon his cane. "Give it to me now. I put the paper in his hands, and he read

aloud:
"15, 37, 50, 19, 63, 17—nineteen—sixt
three—seventeen"—he looked at me with

"Yes," said I, but he did not hear me, was reading "the fourth, fifth, and sixth drawn numbers entitle the holder to the sum of deduction of fifteen per cent. — fifteen per cent. Young man, do you hear that? 30,000—19—fifteen per cent.—63—17—oh God!"

And he fell heavily, sidewise, upon the floor, a ghastly stare fixed on his face. I thought he had fainted, but the usual restoratives failed of effect upon him. In this extremity I ran to the door, and hurried a drayman, standing near, bim that he had to deal with a serious case of paralysis. He told me that he must be immediately put in charge of his friends, or conveyed to the nearest hospital. I examined his pock-ets, and found a few well-worn letters directed to "Henry Orford Esq.," with the residence. The physician procured a back, and went home

After closing the office that evening, going to the post office, and leaving for publication in the different papers sundry laudatory adver-tisements in regard to this "brilliant capital" sold by Morgiston & Co, at their "Ever-lucky office," I sought Orford's residence, for I was anxious to know how he was, and curious to learn somewhat more concerning him. He lived in a wretched frame building on the out skirts of the city, a solitary, gloomy, tumbledown-looking place, that struck me as a very appropriate home for a person of his looks. I confess I was not prepared for the one who reaponded to my knock. I expected to see some poor old wife, or other fit companion for Orford, but instead, the door was opened by a beautiful girl of about eighteen years, who, despite the tokens of poverty and care which shdream of. I bowed, and explained to her who

I was, and why I came. with a pleasant smile-" you are very kind in deed. My poor father is a little better now and the doctor says he will soon be up again. Oh, he has suffered! No wonder he was par alyzed."
"Has he said anything to you about the dis

position of the money which he drew?"
"Not a word—not a word." some safe place until he is able to attend to it."
"Thank you, I will do so immediately. I am grateful to you for your kindness, sir-it is something we see so seldom, we poor people Good night, sir," and I bowed my adieu. Some three or four days afterwards I re-ceived the following note, writen in a delicate

"Father is better, but still unable to get about. If it be not asking too much, he would ike to see you this evening about the money, as he is anxious to leave a city which so many sad recollections to his mind. Please come early, and oblige MARY ORFORD." I could not finish my cup of tea in too great

haste that evening. I hurried away, and was soon at the house, and in it—received with a pretty smile by Miss Mary. She took me into her father's room immediately. He was sitting languidly in an arm chair, carefully supported by pillows. Though his illness was its effects upon his countenance, he yet seemed on the whole to look better than I had ever seen him. He was less haggard and careworn, and already a faint ray of hopefulness was beand held out his palsied hand. As I took it, one al-They'll amile gleamed luminously into his eye, while d it, give he said, in indistinct accents— "Yes, young man, there is a change; and l

hope it is not outwardly alone. I try to per-suade myself it has its origin here;" and he placed his other withered hand over his heart.
"I am not very hopeful—God knows I have but little reason to be- but I feel a change; np the street against the wind.

He did not make his appearance again for some days, but when he did, came bursting in in the same impetuous manner. As he came towards the counter, he said, apparently to him
If it was not for Many I to resint.

It may appear singular and suspicious to you that this change should be contemperary with my accession to money, but I think that this ticket would, under any state of affairs, have been my last purchase of the sort. I had resolved to die, if I lost, with suffering and despair. These things I dare not for merly occupied. What if he had desired to my child near me. If it were not for Mary, I try to paint.
would not touch a cent of the money this entitles me to; it should all be bestowed in chari\$25,000 net) as he requested, and saw him strayed unconsciously thitherward through the

"Show me some whole tickets in the large ties. But I must provide for my child; and the pretty Mary depart for trends," answered he, imperatively. frosts of years and the storms of passion have left me but a miserable wreck, incapable of any labor."

"How have you determined about the receipt of the money, Mr. Orford?"

"Oh, discount the ticket, and give me the

money. I want to have done with lotteries with all speed." "To morrow, then, I will being you a for the amount, and receive the ticket from

"That will suit me very well. It comes opportunely, this money, does it not?" continued he, looking sorrowfully around the room. "There is not much left in your little locker, is there, Mary?"
"Very little, father, but enough to have last-

ed us a week or so. We both eat very little, "Yes, yes, child, we learned that under the

"Yes, yes, child, we learned that under the discipline of a teacher who always imprints his precepts indelibly upon one. Young man," said he, turning suddenly towards me, and and grasping my arm, "let me conjure you, never gamble. It will ruin you. I will tell you something of myself. Come, sit close by me; I cannot talk in a loud tone.

"Thirty years ago, I was rich and happy, with a beautiful bride, who was just learning tenderly the word 'husband,' and clinging to me with the fondest love. This is all I have to remind me of her—this, my Mary, for whom to remind me of her-this, my Mary, for whom not have seen this day, nor have ever felt the

new hope just kindling in my breast. I was wealthy, and enjoyed every comfort purchasable of wealth. I entertained handsomely, lived freely and well, but within my income, which was fully adequate to my desires.

"Well, time passed on. I began to hear my children lies resset. children lisp around me, when a sudden desire for change, and the solicitation of friends, in-duced me to accept an honorable and lucrative post under Government, one which required my removal to the Federal city. I fancied this move would benefit my family, since my children would have the advantage of growing up in an excellent society, and one well calculated to teach them that free, cosmopolitan manner

which is so desirable. "This move of mine, apparently so reason able, was prolific of those evils which have hung around me ever since. I thought myself a man, was confident of my power of self control; but no one knows what he is competent for until he has been tried. The fascinations of a life assure them it is the strict truth. There are so new to me, led me on imperceptibly into dissipation. I became the prey of a set of scoundrels, who availed themselves of my yielding disposition, to spoil me of my wealth. I gambled, and lost heavily. Two years had scarce elapsed, when I found myself threatened with almost poverty. In this emergency, I awoke to a sense of my folly, took up some-thing of good resolution, and, urged by my poor wife's entreaties, gave up my office, and re-

turned to this city.

seemed to be desirous to put off as long as possible what was apparently a crisis in his fate.

At last he came. He was dressed with more care and in better clothes than usual. His rough beard had been removed, and his unkempt locks brushed into some comeliness of and my wife prostrated. In this climax of and my wife prostrated. In this climax of the was pale, very pale and hag. senting a hod-carrier who has paid successful appearance. He was pale, very pale and hag-devoirs to the fickle goddess, since he bears in gard, as if he knew not what sleep was. As he entered, he made a convulsive offort to cen. evils, I was thrown into utter despair, and sat better than we, since he does not image however, true to her womanly instincts, consoled and encouraged me. I commenced business again on a small amount, which I owed to the kindness of my friends. In six months I had cheering prospects once more of comfort and competency. I could look my lot in the face with some compresency, while wife and children began to smile, under the inspiration of renewed hope. I am not a fatalist, young man, but sometimes, when I look upon my past, I am tempted to believe that the hand of des tiny overruled my efforts and intentions. One day, after having done a remarkably good busi-I thought, afterwards. I drew four hundred dollars. Elated with this success, I went into a gambling saloon, played, and won over two thousand dollars. The next night, and the next, I played, and on the fifth night I went home at midnight, a pauper—having lost every thing, even to a judgment upon my goods and furniture. I was drunk, desperate, and, with a pistol which I had bought, was determined to end my existence. Just as I was in the act of blowing out my brains, my poor wife entered the room, seized my hand, and, in attempting to wrest the weapon from me, discharged it was sobered, and heard her dying words charge me to live for our children. In a few minutes t was over. She died in my arms; and even before she was cold, I was taken to prison as a

murderer. My protestations availed not; there were no witnesses to the act. I was her mur-derer, and I had been willing to have expi-ated the crime. My trial would have ended my me accquitted upon some legal quibble. I sought my home, a broken hearted man. Want and sickness had almost completed my desolation. This child, Mary, alone remained to me, a wee, feeble infant. Men shunned me, and chi'dren learned to point at me, for I was Cain. With little Mary in my arms, I went far away, and began again to work, that I might "For a while I got along well enough, but

provide for her. the brand of Cain was upon me. and there was no city of refuge whither to flee. I moved from place to place, but everywhere they knew me as the murderer. Thus it was for years, until, rendered desperate by the world's injus- him, for his mind wandered. His memory was tice, I returned to this city, determined to take | much impaired, and he was childishly fretful the storm at its culminating point. Here I have abided, patiently toiling in poverty and obscurity. Here I might have lived happily; but I became heir to a small legacy, and, si the desire for gambling. I was too weak to resist it. I did not, however, throw my money away in the same manner as I had formerly done. I began to gamble in lotteries—the most fascinating kind of gambling, I know, because it is the most engrossing. It becomes, as it were, part of ourselves; it instills its suble, poisonous suggestings into our very being. thread of all our dream fancies. It is doubly dangerous, in that it pampers into unnatural activity, and gives potent substance to that was so feeble, so wretched, so craz d. The prize seems to me to be merely the com pletion of a thing long since predetermined.

"Thus I have lived during these latter years,

sometimes comparatively afficient, at others on the point of starving—always a lottery-gambler, always miserable. This child here has borne with all my ills; she has fasted when I have asted, and sometimes, I fear, she has fasted that I might eat. But this recital brings back siness, which I could not account for, hanging my pains too violently to be prolonged. Those secund me as I sallied forth with Mary's has days of infatuation are over—I hope forever I cannot, in view of my too frequent relapses, say that I shall never fall again. I can only say, I shall strive to deserve this tardy favor of Fortune. I am broken is body and spirit, and, as is meet, the gambler will spend his few remaining days in suffering for and mourning on we hurried, asking in vain, seeking in over his ill spent past. "I have given you this recital of my miseries

because your kindness has excited my grati-tude. Accept my wasted life and woeful histo-

I have not given this narrative as I heard it. I have not attempted to reproduce his brok u, vehement, impassioned utterance, his manner,

is invariably my risk. Notes in one. Ten Large amounts me Subscribers w mail ed, will give the name of the from, as well as the post of the pos All communication

on business of the paper should be addressed to

I frequently heard from the Orfor

G. BAILEY, Wash

the first six months after their departur B-, and I was glad to know that they we. prosperous and happy. About the expiration of this time, I received a letter from Mr. Orford in which he notified me of his daughter's mar riage to a young merchant-she herself adding in a postscript these words: "My dear friend shall one of these days be made acquainter with my husband, who is the dearest man, and

he will meantime assure himself that Mary is perfectly happy." After this, a year and more elapsed in which I but seldom heard from them, and I had be gun to think myself forgotten in the pleniture of their new relations and new cares. The true state of things, however, in their painful tendency, was eventually made known to me in the following letter, which I received from

"My DEAR FRIEND: You must have begun to think that we have forgotten you, since we let you hear from us so seldom, but I have no written because I had nothing good to tell you, and did not wish to trouble you with our evils Now, however, there is such a necessity for it,

that I can be silent no longer. "When I married, father settled the great part of his property on us, reserving for his own home with us. Until my marriage, he had been in excellent health and spirits, but after that, I speedily noticed a change in him for the worse, which I could not account for. He grew thin in flesh, wasting much, was silent, moody, and oppressed by some misery which he would not explain to us. This continued until very lately, troubling me very much, but it was ro the cause. I was mending his coat for him. and chancing to put my hand into the pocket, found a package of lottery tickets! Then I knew the cause of his misery, and perceived that he was still in the clutches of his fatal infatuation. From this time my husband and began to watch him as closely as we could with out being suspected. We were persuaded that his mind was unsettled, but, dreading the et fects of any betrayal of our suspicions, were careful to let him see no change in our conduc-

appeared so broken in health, and so disturbed n mind, that it was evident something would have to be done for him. With this object in view, we sent for a physician to consult about some means for restoring him. During the conference, father came in, and, I am now convinced, got an idea of our intentions. He did not let us suspect it, however, but passed on to his room without any change of countenance. Two hours afterwards, when I went to call him

to tea, he was gene.
"He had put a few clothes in a valise, and

will not avoid you. My husband starts for you at-ly after his arrival. Please care for my poor father, so helpless and so wretched as h You cannot imagine our grief and anxiety. It seems he has spent nearly all his money.

This letter was a thunder clap to me. I had magined them so happy, and was so unprepared for any such consequence as this. Here was life, was to go down to his grave in the same storm blast that had howled about him alwayswas to pass away in the same gloomy shadows away unenlightened, uncheered, by one gleam of hope. It was the revelation of a doom as irremediable and eternal as that which hung over the house of the old Greek. It was fated that men should know Henry Orford as the " Lottery Crazed."

Scarcely was I recovered from the sudden shock of these tidings, when Henry Orford came into the office. I still had his daughter's letter in my band. I saw him at the door, and, as he feebly shambled towards me, I rend the depth to which he had fallen-or had been hurled-in the changes wrought in his appearance. Changed he was, of a surety; his hair long, white, unkempt; his face fearfully seamed with care lines; and his dry, shrunk, faded eye more than ever distraught with that terrible pearance when I first saw him. In weak, peevish tone:, unimpressive save only of an o'd man's wretchedness, he spoke to me a few listless, incomplication of events, that I could only murmur in reply a few meaningless expressions o

my surprise at seei g him. "Yes, yes," he replied; "I came off ratheunexpectedly-wanted to see the old city once

I irquired after Mary. 'She's very well-told me to give her particular love to you" This was said with the curning of the lane ic, as I now became convinced he was. He

being able, however, to elicit but little from

was busy with him for some minutes, behind the desk. When I looked around, the old man multaneously with the accession of money came | was gone, and his daughter's letter (which I on the floor by the chair in which he had sat. He knew all, then, and would avoid me as he had his family. In vain I looked for him up and down the street. I could not leave the of Morgiston came in, I explained the affair to him, and had his permission to search for Mr. Orford. My every effort and inquiry that evening were futile. The weather was borriblecold, gray, an wing-a bitter time for him who

vague persuasion, latent in every human mind.
of destiny being regent, and determining what shall be for us in the future. I cannot rid myshall be for us in the future. I cannot rid my-self of the idea, even now, though my sober was even more bleck than the preceding one. reason is entirely repugnant to it, that I was It did not snow, but the ground was thickly destined to draw a prize to those numbers. covered, and, what with the piercing wind, the drear gray of the sky, with dark lowering cloudforms moving heavily across from the east, and the general sombre aspect of things, it was as disagreeable weather as I ever experienced. Every little thing connected with that day is indelibly impressed upon my mind. I was disposed to consider this forbidding face of nature a portent of things fearful. I felt a sort of sickly uneaband on our apparently useless search. As the day waxed older, this uneasiness grew upon me, and feverishly we hurried on from place to place. I imagined I would most likely hear of

vain some token-on, from low, vile places, to high, aristocratic regions-from suburb to wharf-from police station to gambling house. Evening came in rapidly, and just at dusk we entered a small lottery office in an out-of-theway place. Here, at last, we had a trace of bim. He had been here—our description was immediately recognised—he had been hero, nor the language in which he clothed his re-cital. I could not picture his features, so withered, so striking, now working with strong